SIX ODD SONGS.

Lyrics by
STANLEY C. WEST

MUSIC BY
MARJORIE BROUGHTON

I. RÉVEILLE
II. REMORSE
III. OH, APRIL!
IV. THE ORGAN
V. THE PARTING
VI. THE DUST OF EGYPT

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Six Odd Songs.

Réveille.

Who'd be a-bed this morning?
  Who'd be a-sleeping now?
See where the dew's adorning
  Blossom and bud and bough;
Who'd come with me where the sun-beams kiss?
  Who'd meet the Sun in the by-wood?
Who'd stay a-bed on a morn like this?
  Pull down the blind,please—I would.

Stanley C. West.

Remorse.

I struck you—and then you went away
Over the wold where we were wont to play.
I followed you with sorrow-laden eyes
Knowing that I had been all unwise.

I sought you as the shadows gathered o'er
Though sadly my heart sighed—"Never—never more!"
You'd gone—I knew 'twas vain to further seek;
(That makes the third new golf ball I have lost this week.)

Stanley C. West.

Oh, April!

Oh, April, lovely fickle maid,
Who is it makes me so afraid?
  Ah, 'tis you, Ah, 'tis you!
Your warm smile I do so adore,
If there's a thing worth living for
  Ah, 'tis you, Ah, 'tis you!
Who makes my willing heart beat high?
Who lures me with a'witching eye,
Then cuts me with a chilly sigh?
  Ah 'tish-ooo! Ah 'tish-ooo!

Stanley C. West.

The Organ.

High in his pulpit the good man stood,
A noble figure, in stole and hood,
And as he preached I thought a note
Throbbed from the organ's golden throat.

Softly at first like the distant moan
Of a coming storm, when the deep woods groan;
It swelled and it rose to the vaulted tiles,
It flooded the nave and the dark'ning aisles.

Solemn and slow through the gath'ring gloom
A tall dark figure there seemed to loom,
It spake these words in a voice imploring:
"If you must sleep—please stop your snoring!"

Stanley C. West.

The Parting.

Oh! the aching—ah! the smart
When they said that we must part,
We who'd met in childhood's days
At the parting of the ways.

The moment came, but still I clung to you,
Unconsciously my strength I flung to you.
Thro' darkness stabb'd with sudden flame
The sound of mocking laughter came—
I sank beneath the heaving ground,
A thousand demons cluster'd round,
There stood a monster white and grim,
In anguish wild I cried to him.
He drew me from the deep abyss—
"A nasty tooth," said he, "Drink this!"

Stanley C. West.

The Dust of Egypt.

Lo! to the beat of a hundred drums
I hear the flutes complain,
As over the desert the Princess comes
With her eyes of Royal disdain.
But I am a slave and perforce I must
Bend low with my head in old Egypt's dust.

Down from her camel the Princess steals—
I raise my eyes and see
As close by my side in the dust she kneels,
And she breathes a kiss to me!
A voice speaks loud as the mists unfold;
"Arise!" it says, "Your shaving water's getting cold!"

Stanley C. West.

Six Odd Songs.

I.
Réveille.

Lyric by
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Music by
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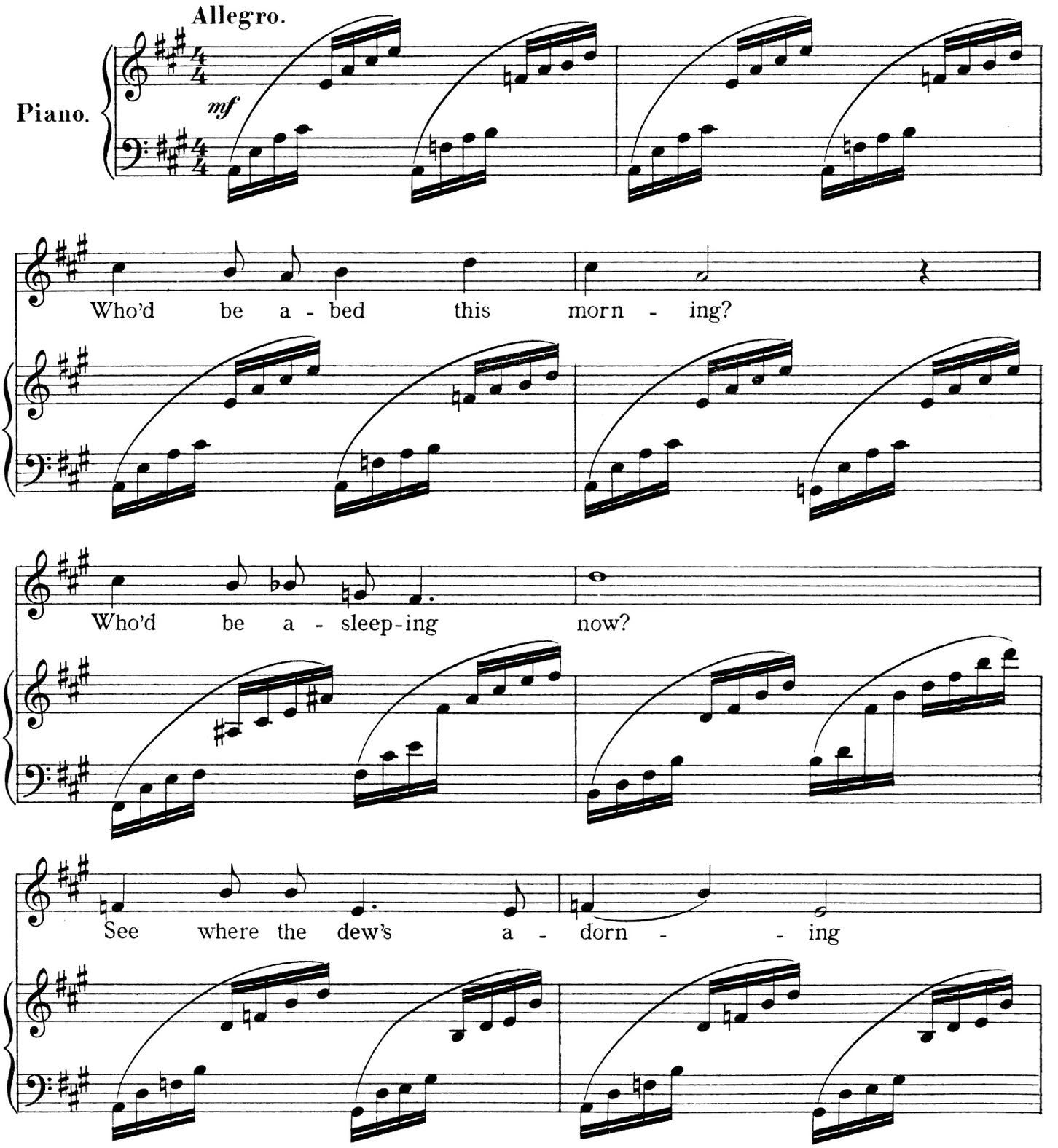

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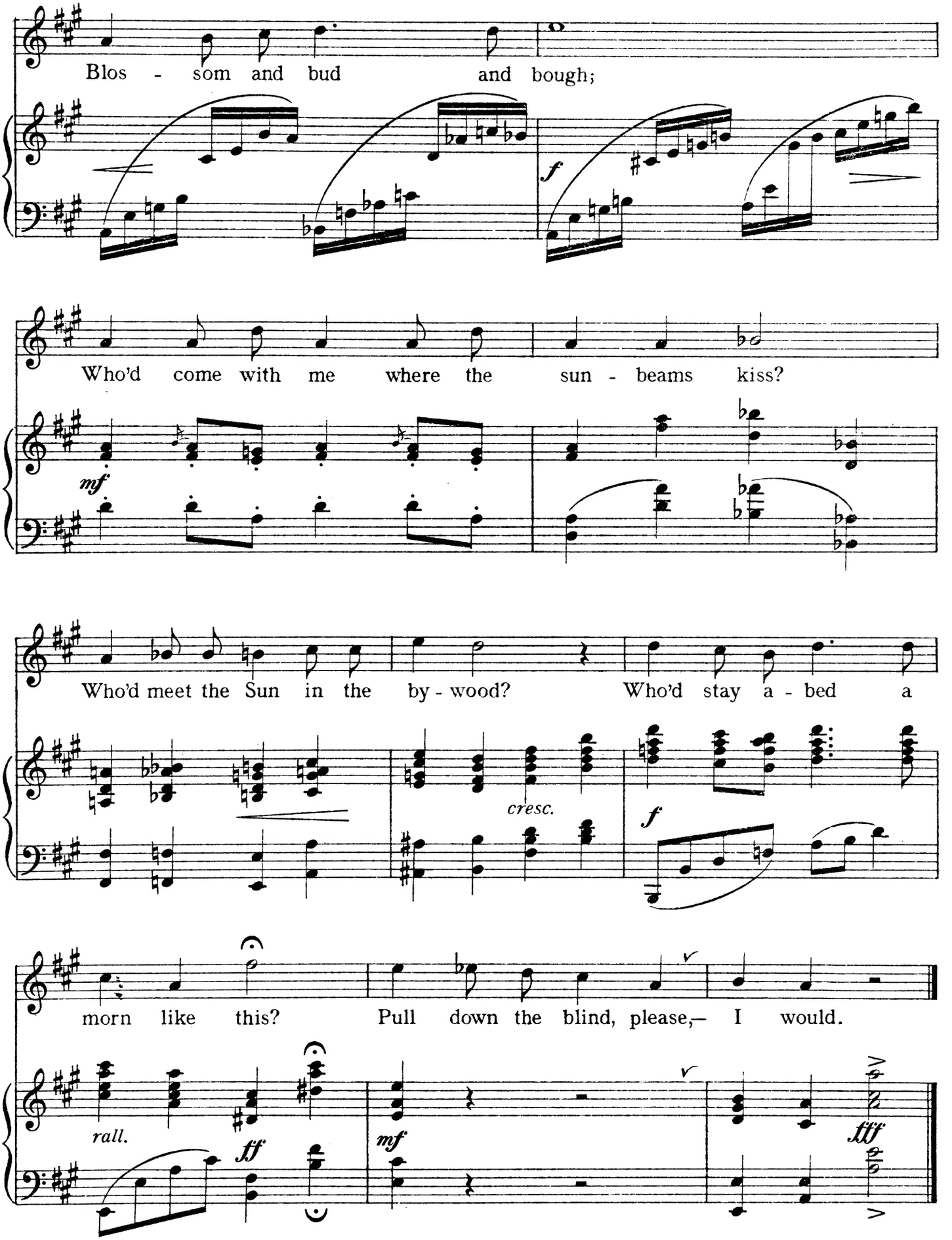
Blos - som and bud and bough;
Who'd come with me where the sun - beams kiss?
Who'd meet the Sun in the by - wood? Who'd stay a - bed a
morn like this? Pull down the blind, please,— I would.
mf
f
cresc.
f
rall.
ff
mf
fff

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II.
Remorse.

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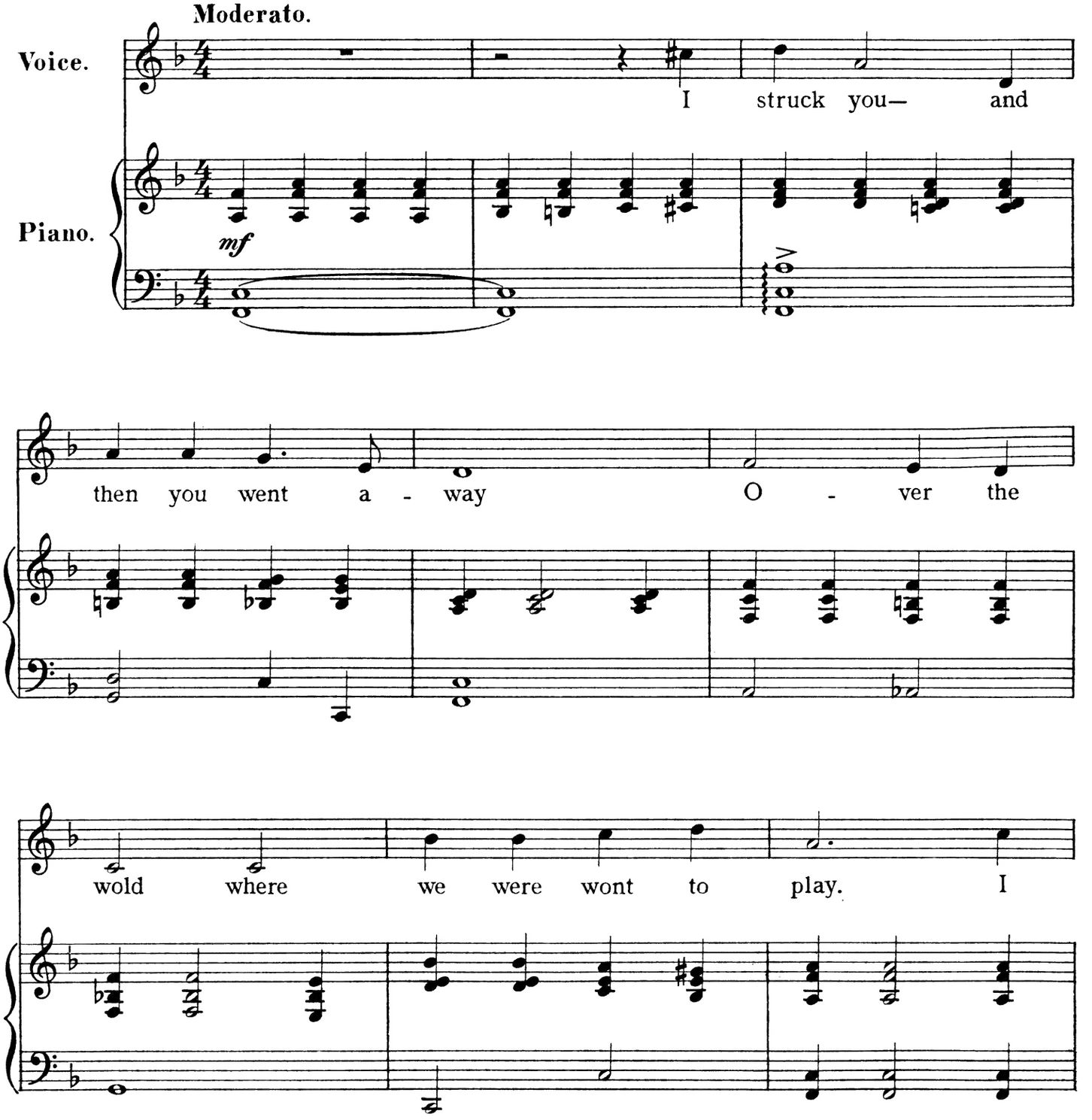

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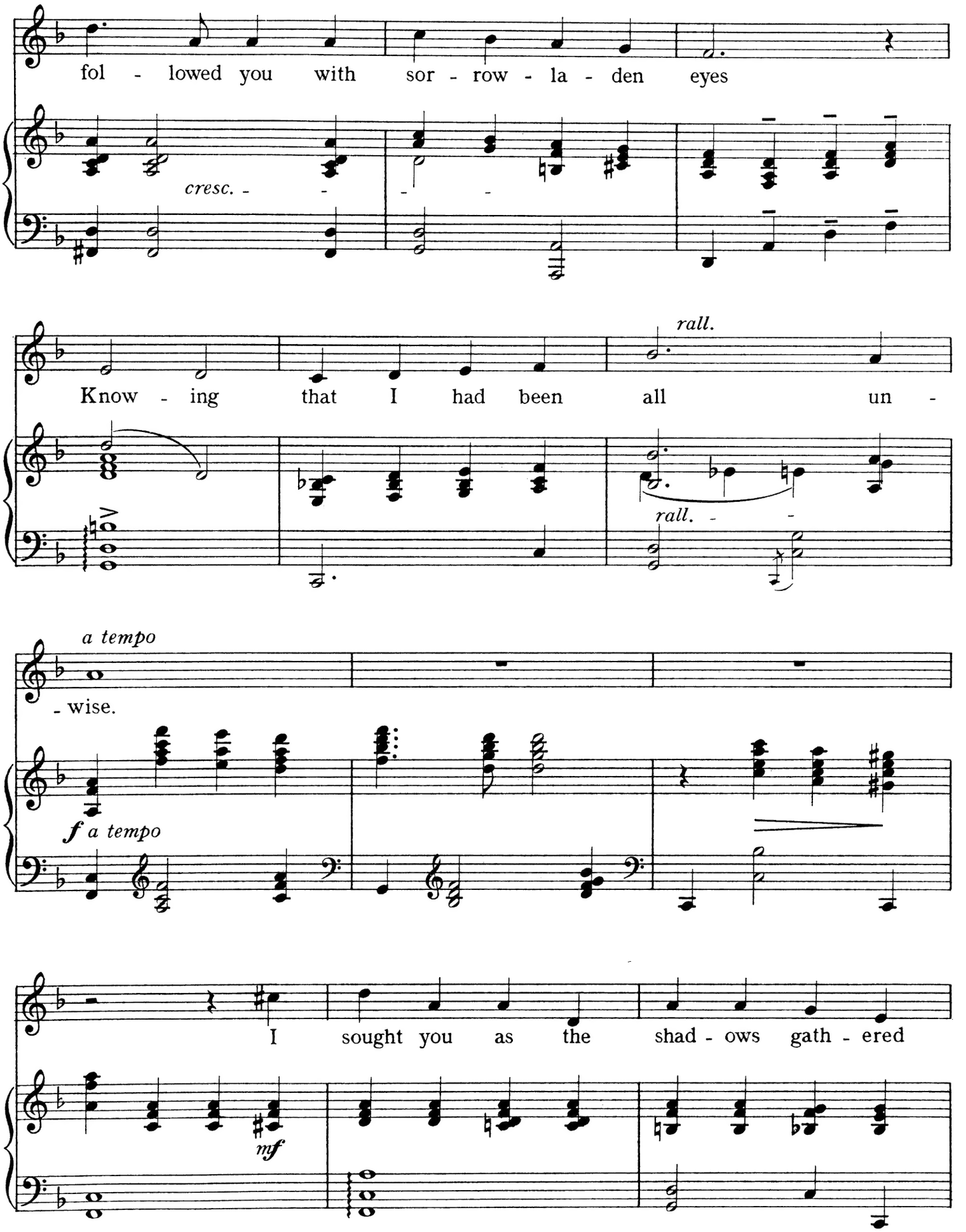
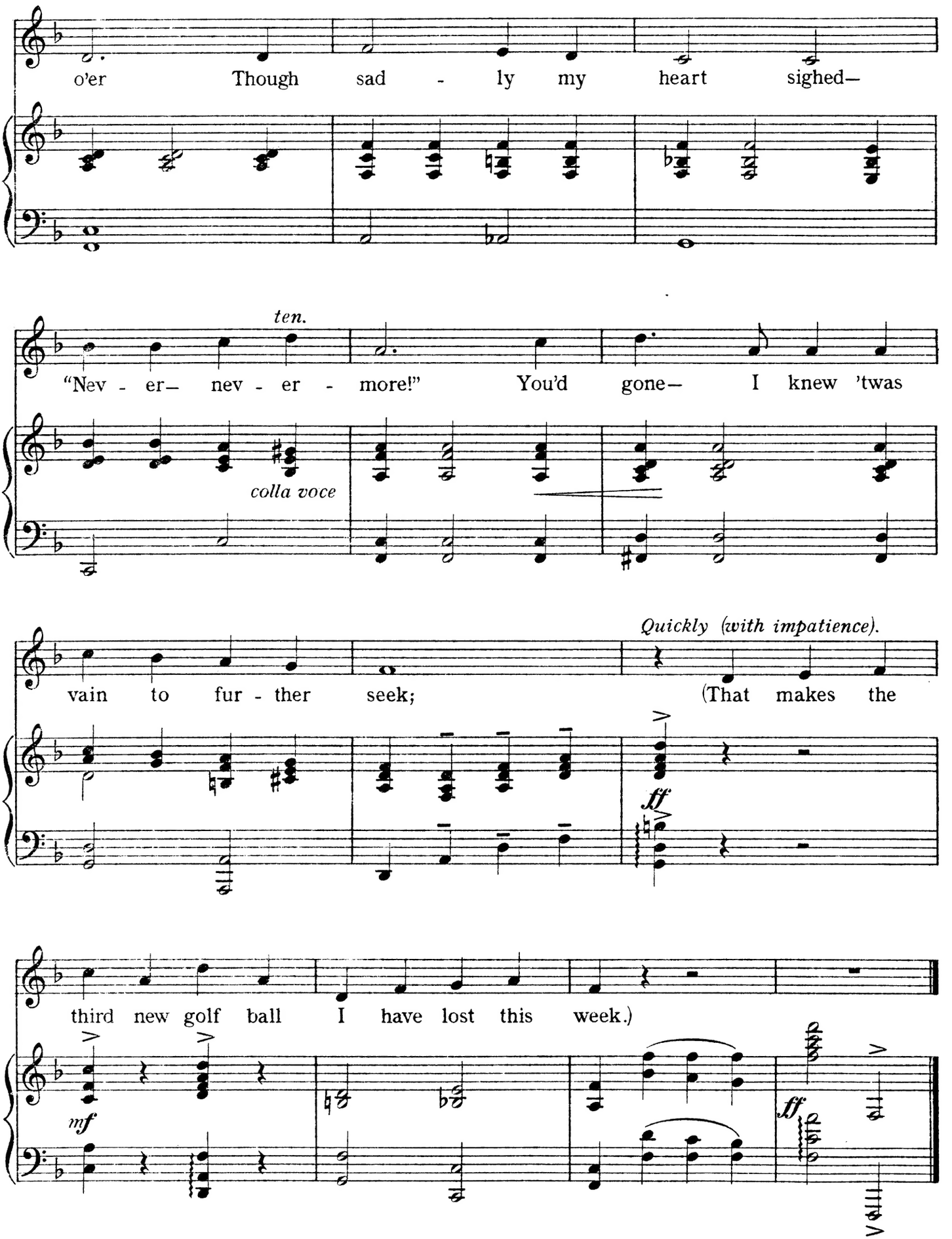

fol - lowed you with sor - row - la - den eyes
cresc. - - - -
Know - ing that I had been all un -
rall.
rall. - -
a tempo
- wise.
f a tempo
I sought you as the shad - ows gath - ered
mf


o'er Though sad - ly my heart sighed—
ten.
"Nev - er— nev - er - more!" You'd gone— I knew 'twas
colla voce
Quickly (with impatience).
vain to fur - ther seek; (That makes the
ff
third new golf ball I have lost this week.)
mf
ff

Six Odd Songs.

III.

Oh, April!

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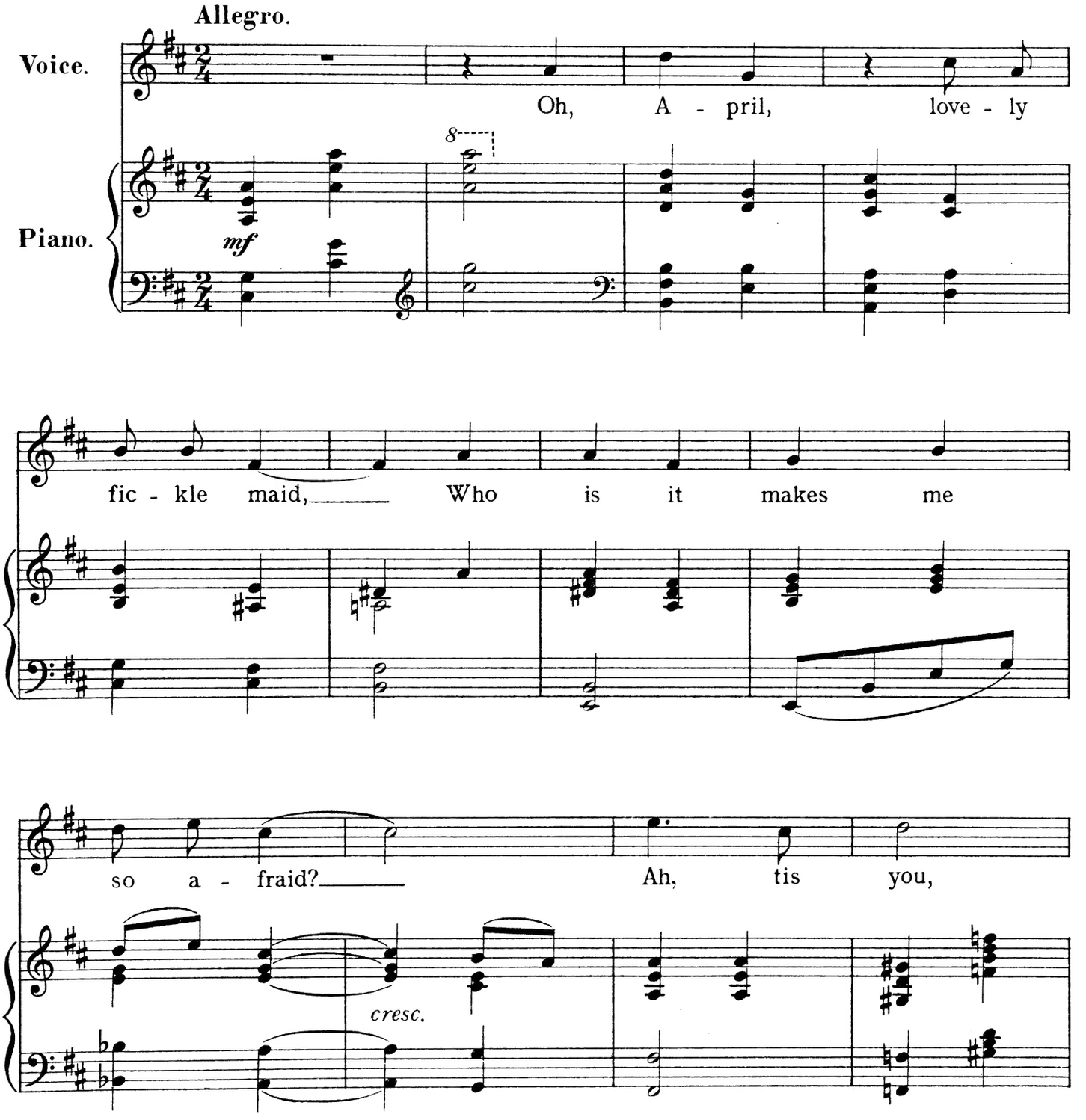

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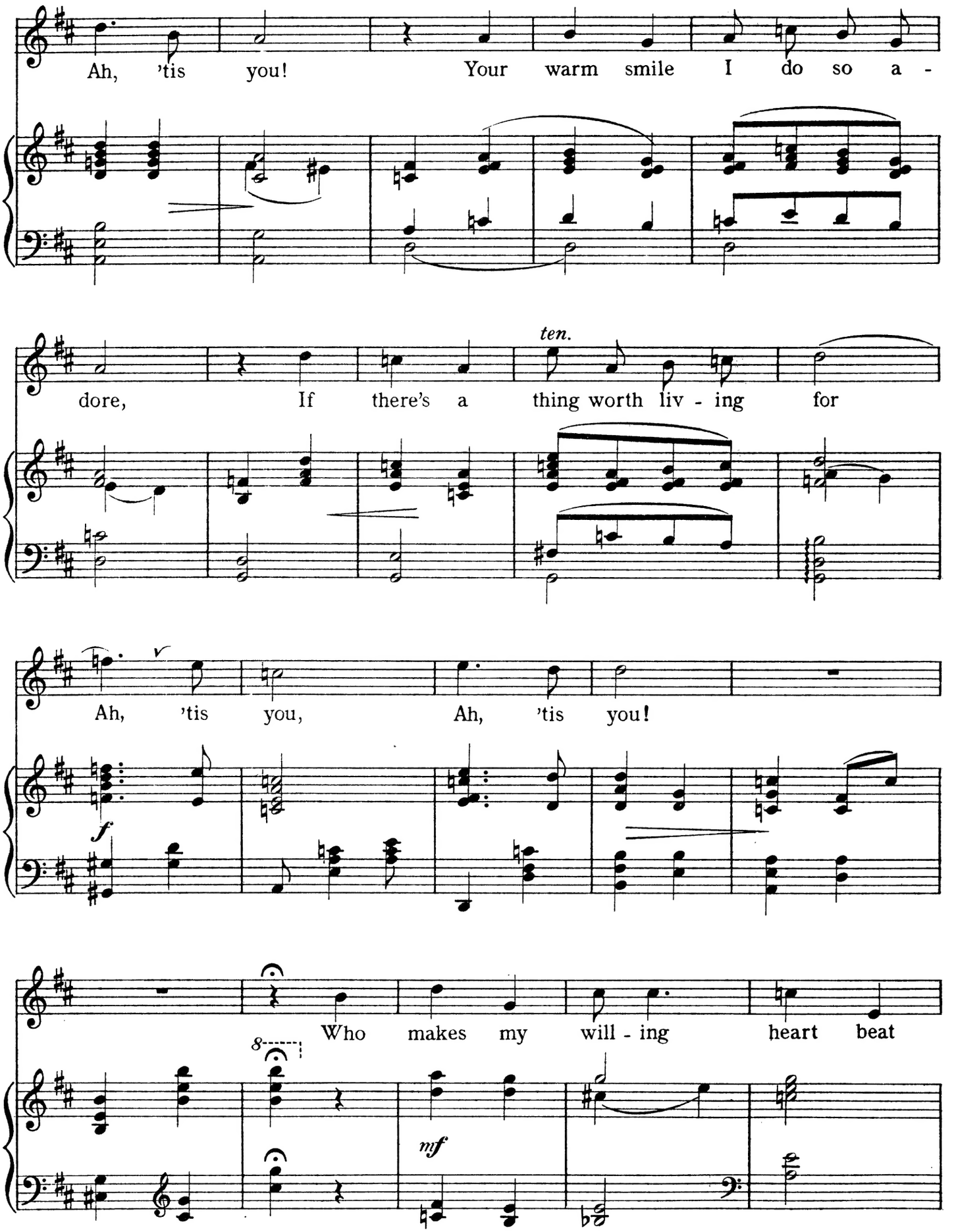
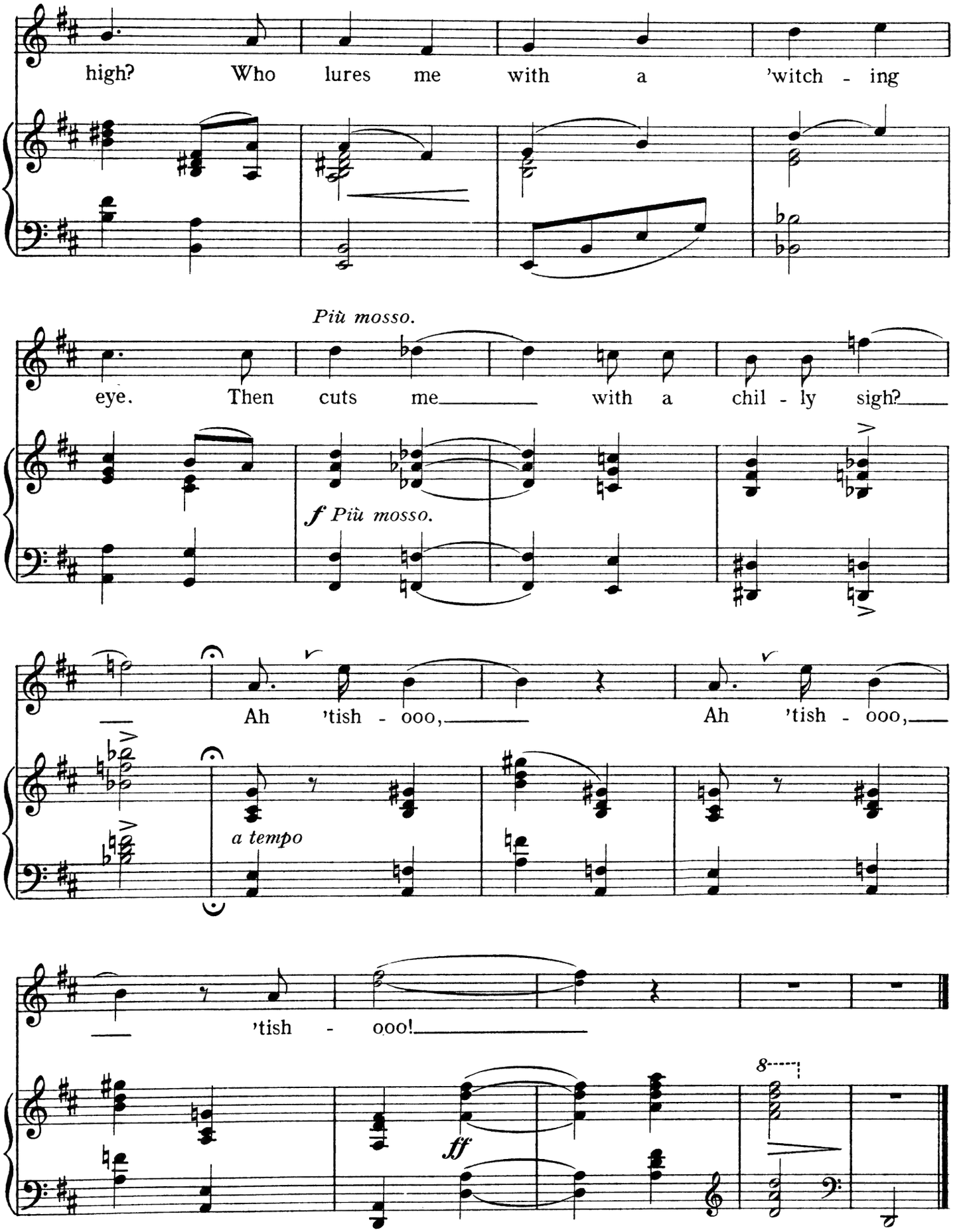

Ah, 'tis you! Your warm smile I do so a -
dore, If there's a thing worth liv - ing for
ten.
Ah, 'tis you, Ah, 'tis you!
f
Who makes my will - ing heart beat
8
mf


high? Who lures me with a 'witch - ing
Più mosso.
eye. Then cuts me with a chil - ly sigh?
f Più mosso.
Ah 'tish - ooo, Ah 'tish - ooo,
a tempo
'tish - ooo!
ff
8

Six Odd Songs.

IV.
The Organ.

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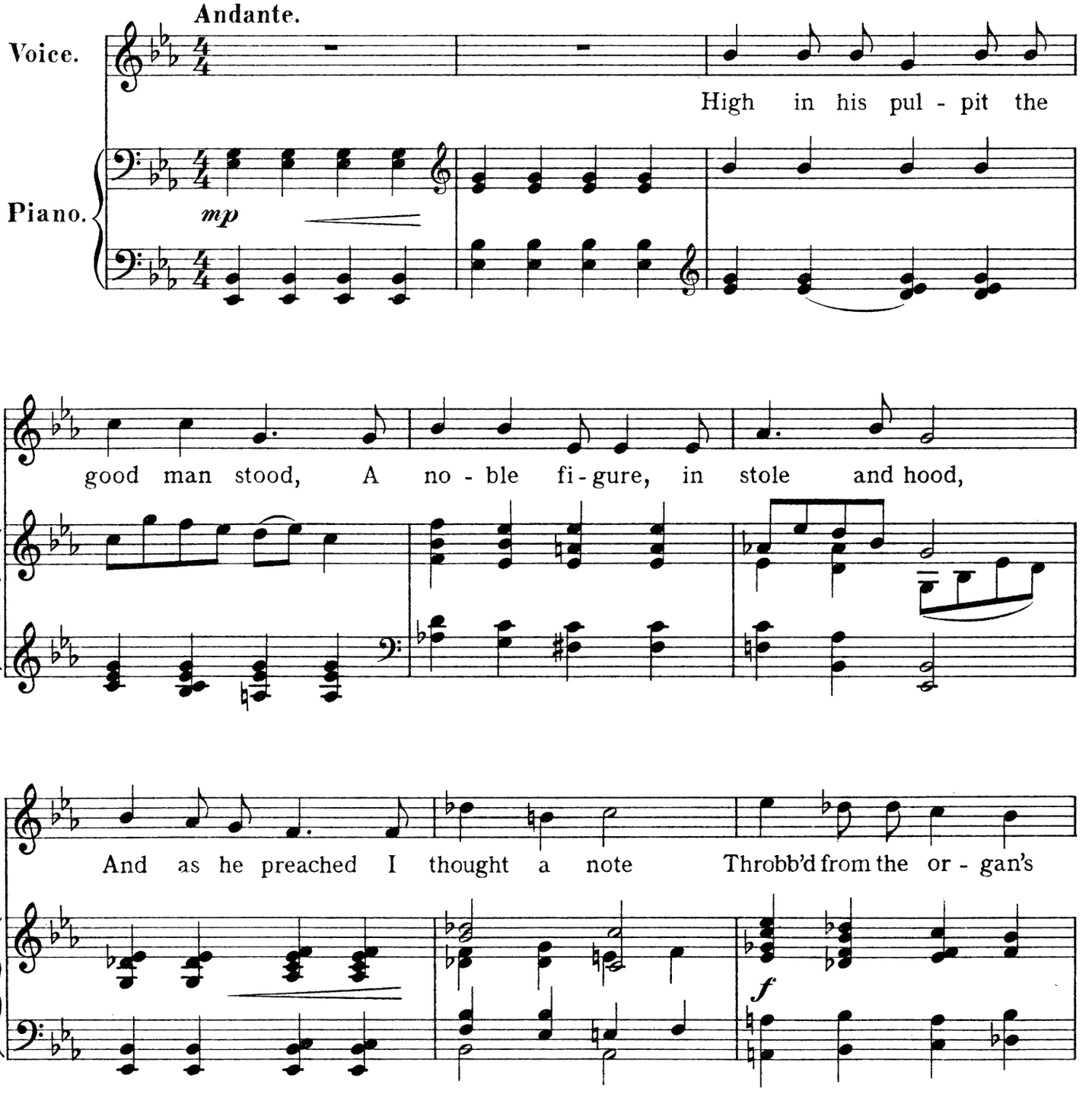

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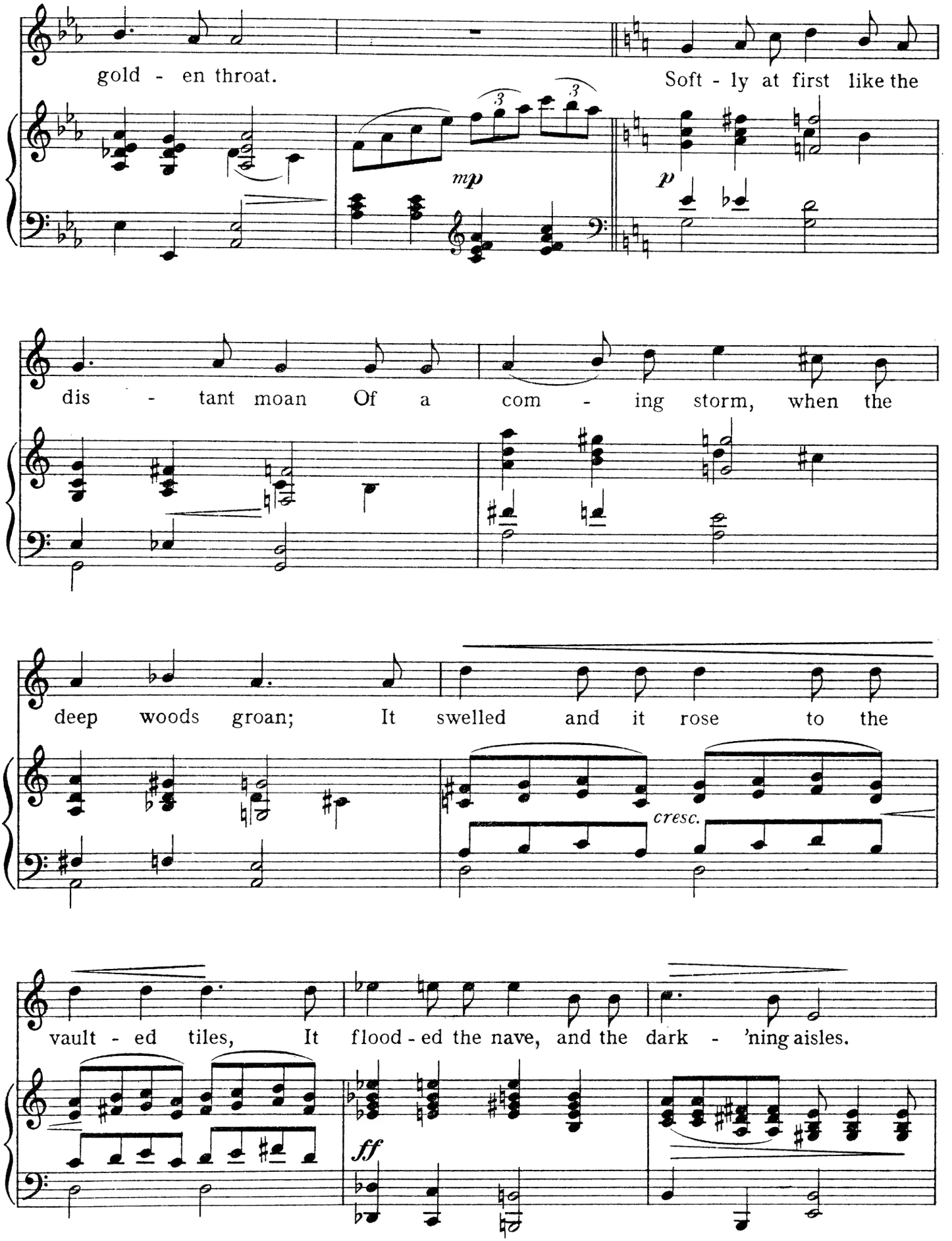
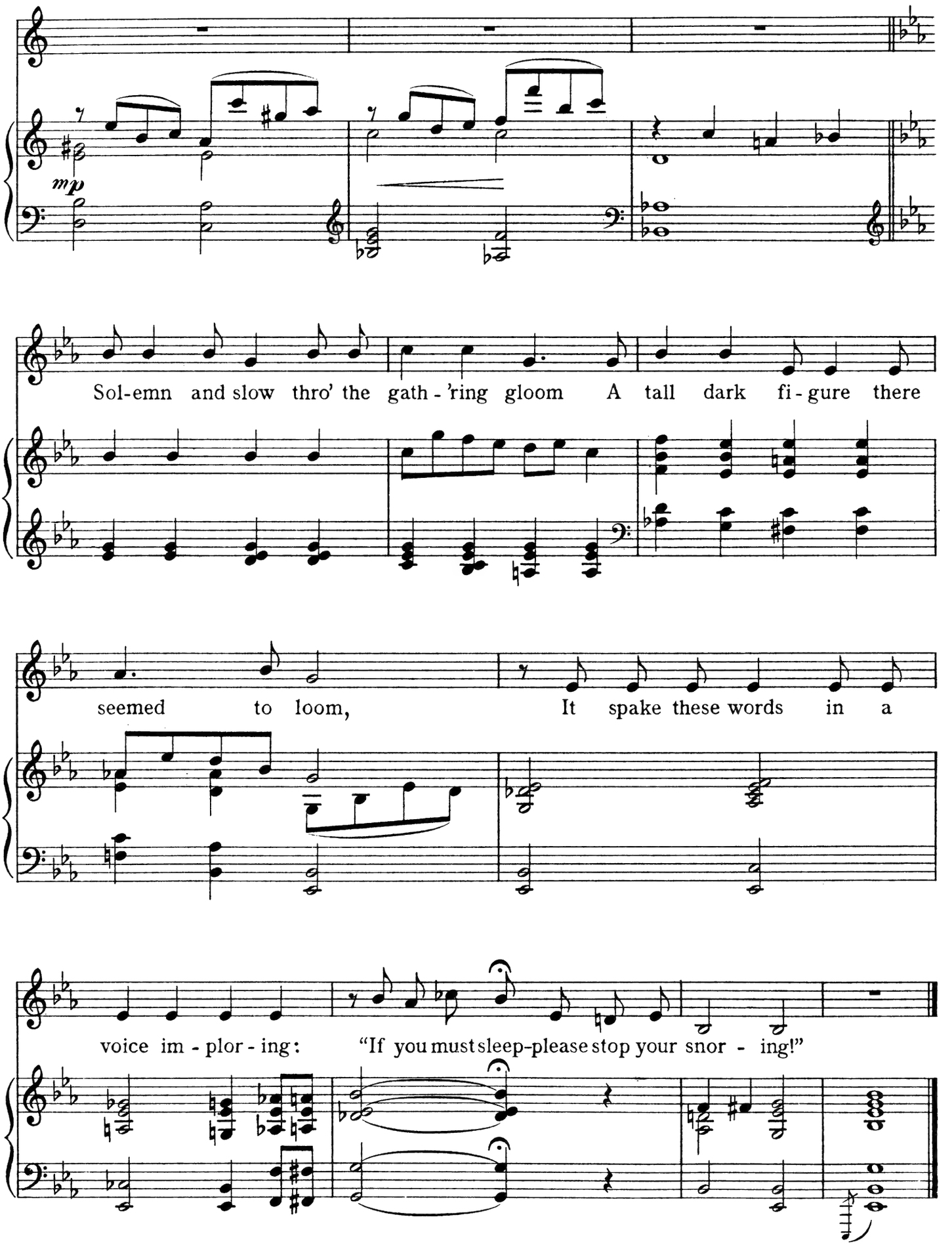

gold - en throat.
Soft - ly at first like the
mp
p
dis - tant moan Of a com - ing storm, when the
deep woods groan; It swelled and it rose to the
cresc.
vault - ed tiles, It flood - ed the nave, and the dark - 'ning aisles.
ff


mp
Sol-emn and slow thro' the gath - 'ring gloom A tall dark fi - gure there
seemed to loom, It spake these words in a
voice im - plor - ing: "If you must sleep-please stop your snor - ing!"

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V.
The Parting.

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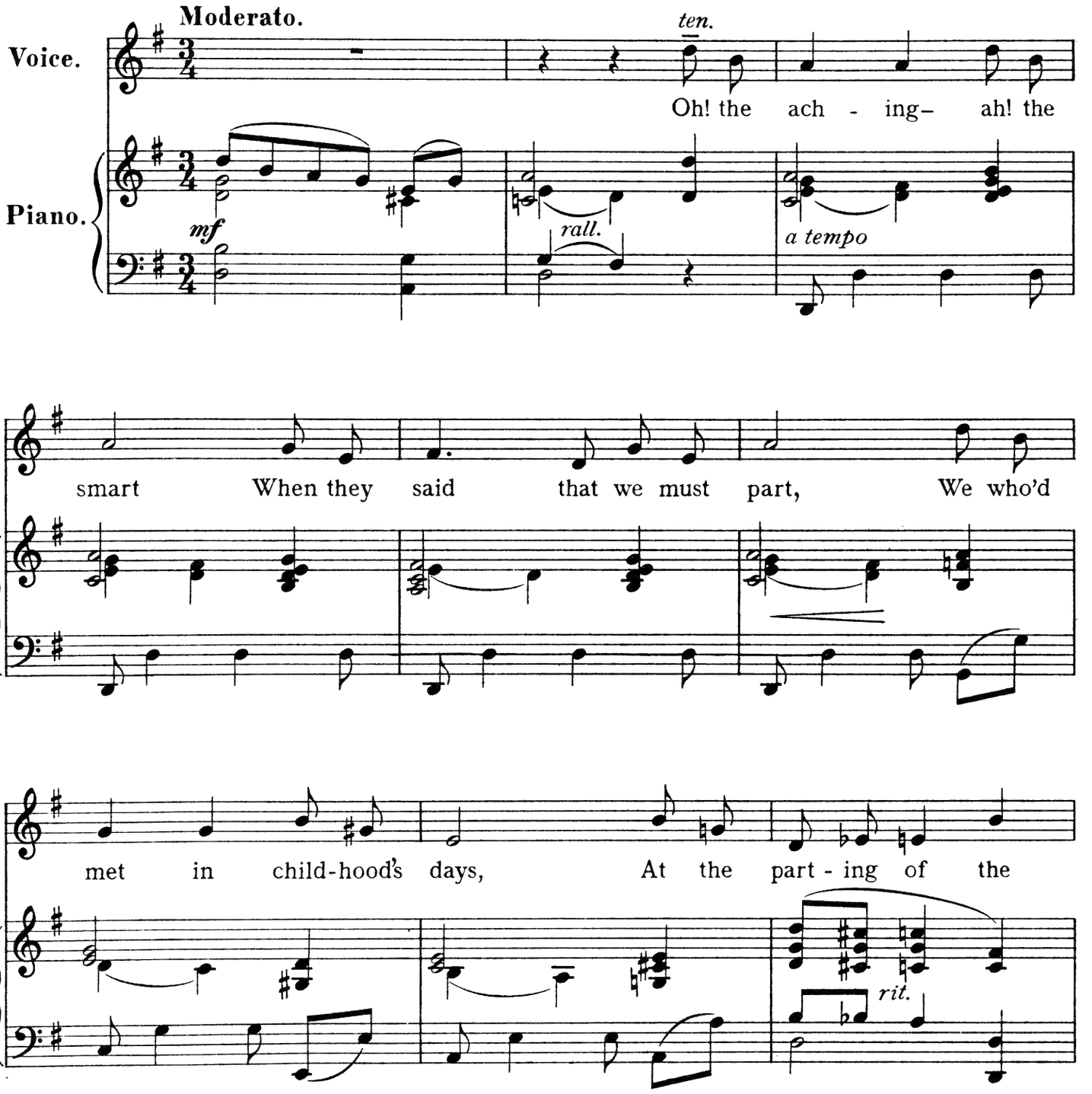

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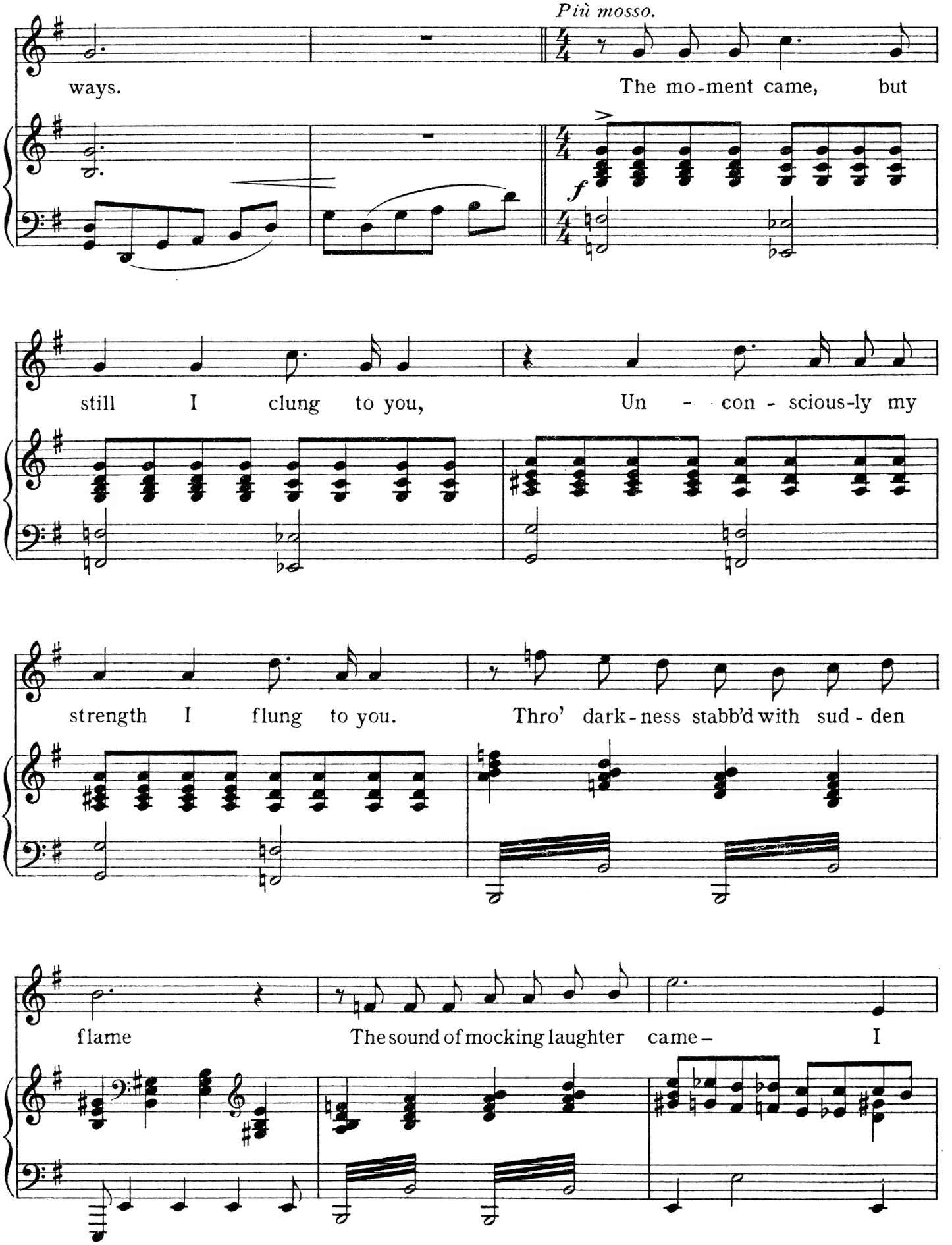
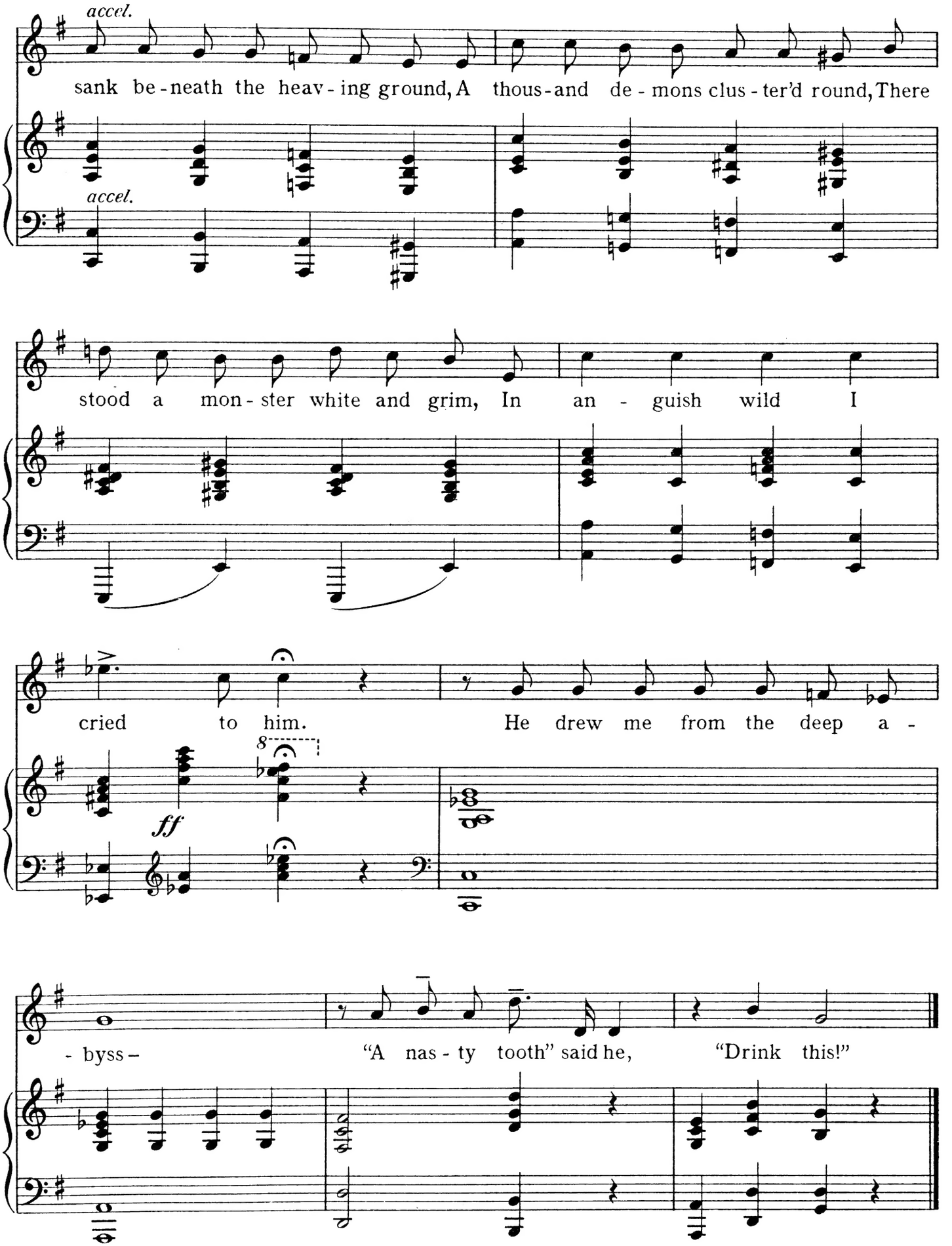

Più mosso.
ways.
The mo-ment came, but
f
still I clung to you,
Un - con - scious-ly my
strength I flung to you.
Thro' dark-ness stabb'd with sud - den
flame
The sound of mocking laughter came –
I


accel.
sank be-neath the heav-ing ground, A thous-and de-mons clus-ter'd round, There
accel.
stood a mon-ster white and grim, In an-guish wild I
cried to him. He drew me from the deep a-
ff
8
-byss- "A nas-ty tooth" said he, "Drink this!"

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VI.

The Dust of Egypt.

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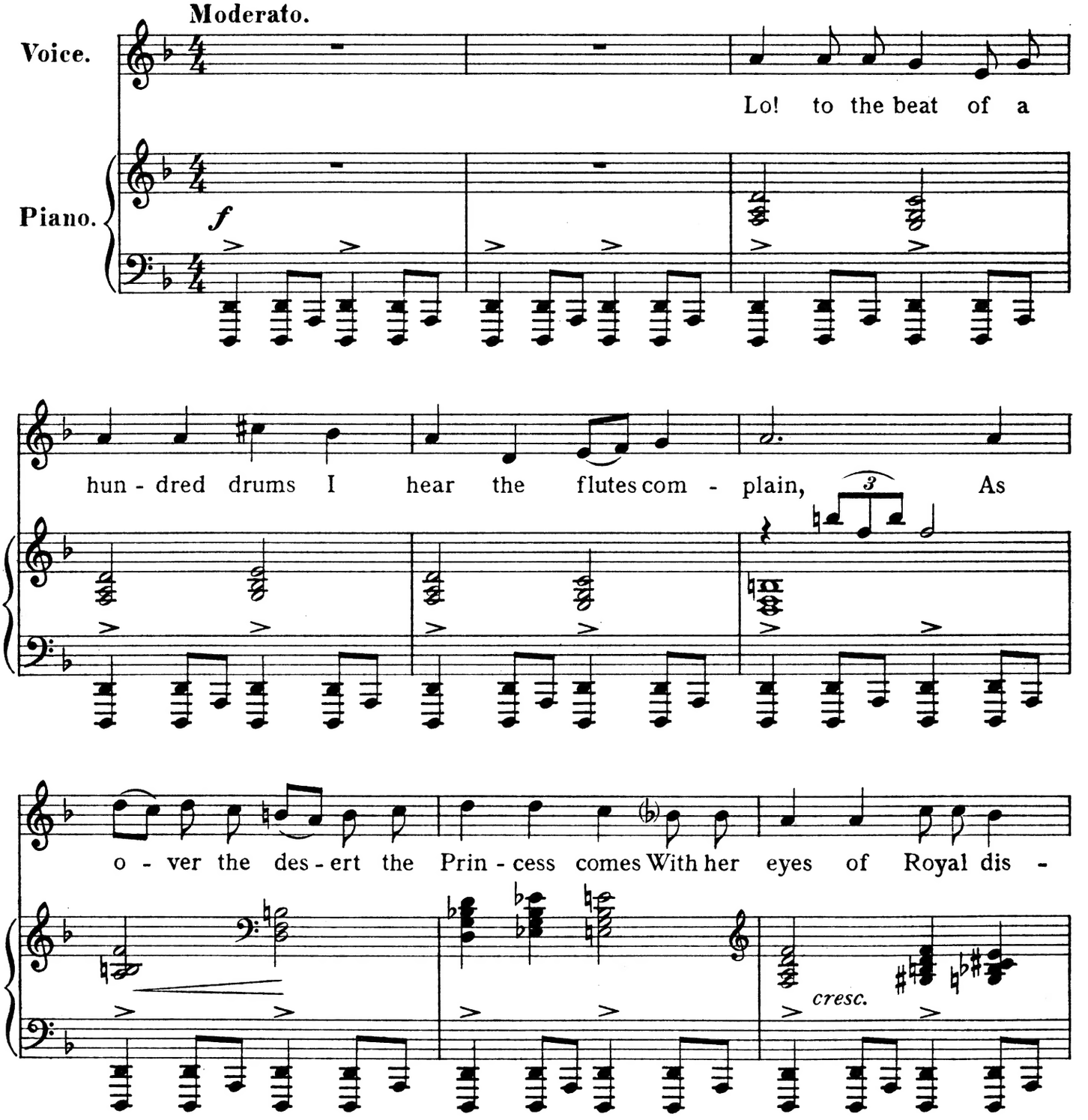

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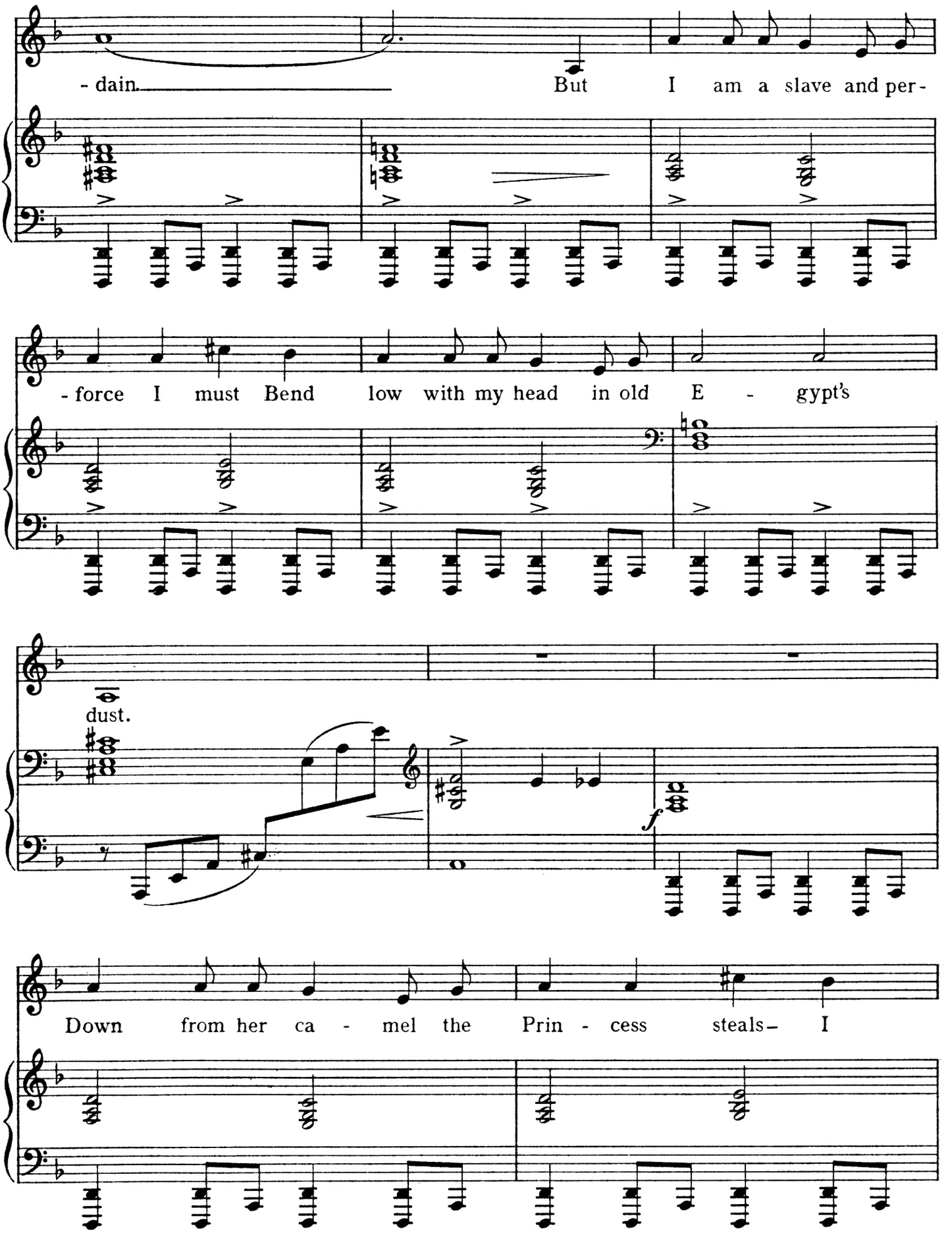
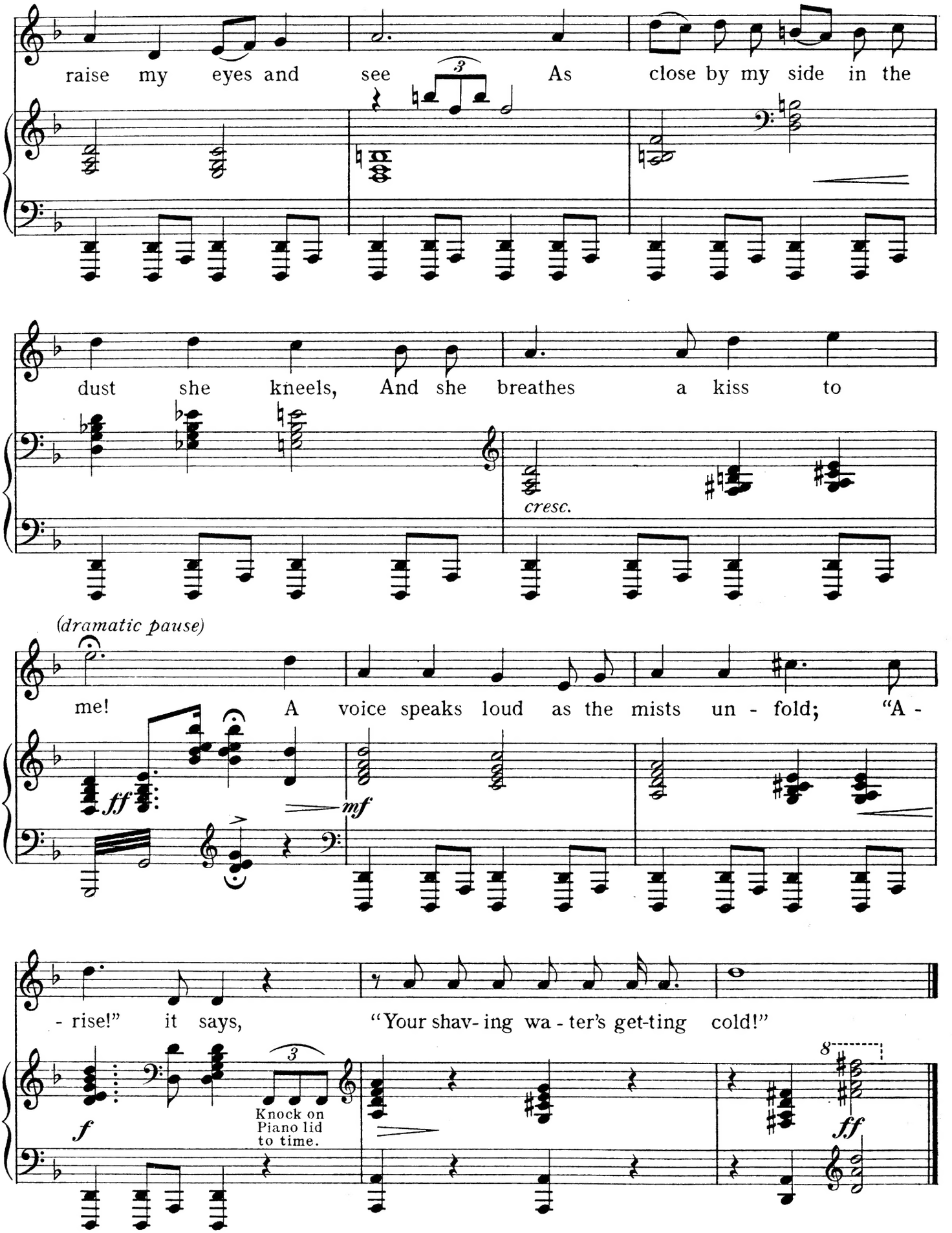

- dain. But I am a slave and per-
- force I must Bend low with my head in old E - gypt's
dust.
f
Down from her ca - mel the Prin - cess steals- I



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